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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

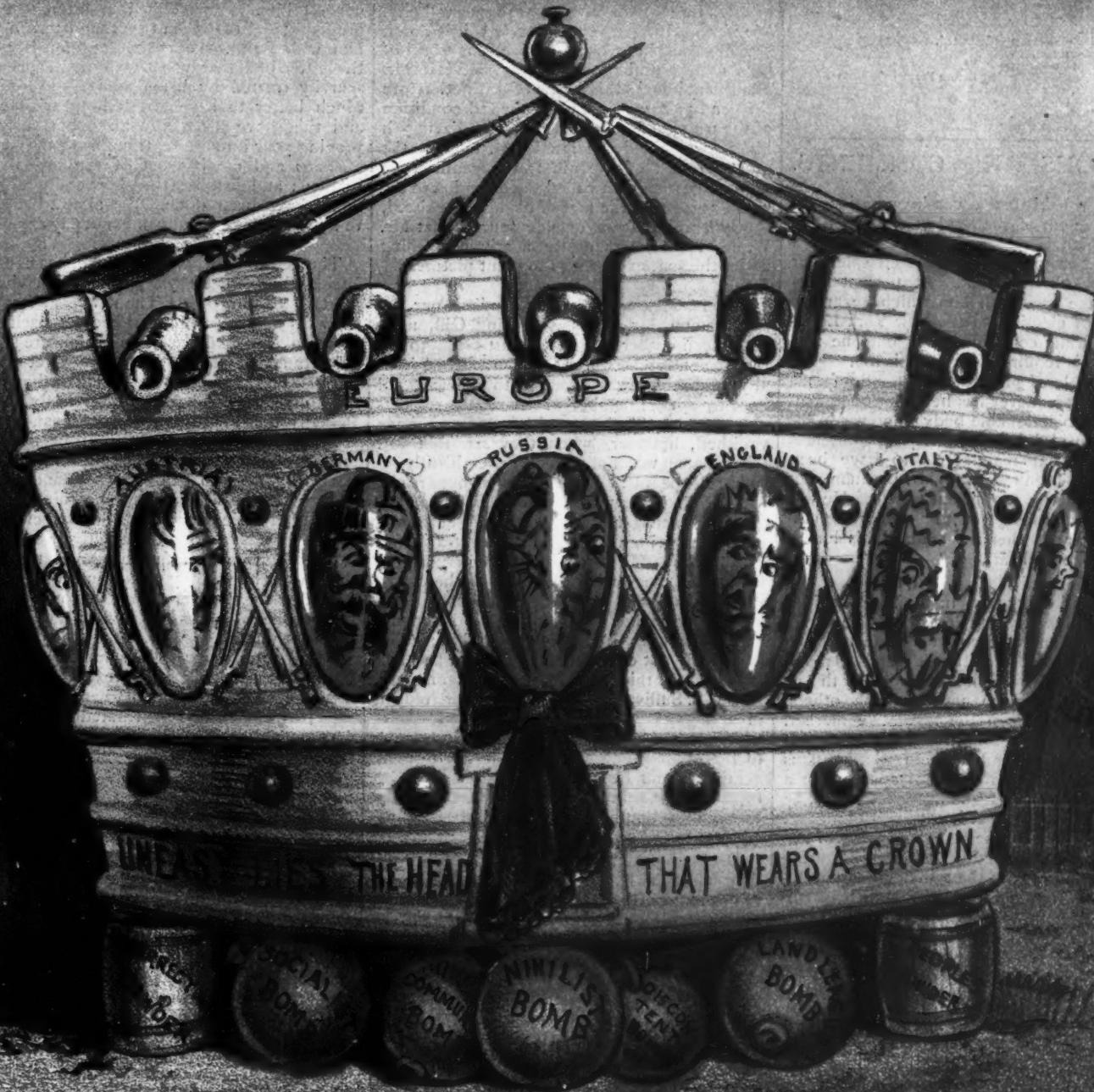
Puck

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"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

("Lay low, Alexander, a bomb is coming!")

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR H. C. BUNNER

PUCK ON WHEELS

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT will probably take several generations yet to drive out of the head of the American politician the idea that this republican form of government was instituted solely for his own personal benefit. At present he—especially the variety of him which we are in the habit of electing to the New York Legislature—is firmly convinced that but one rule of conduct is required to guide his life. That rule is the rule of private interest. So far as we know, there never has been but one member of that objectionable body who ever in his life was moved by pure principle or unselfish devotion. That man seems to have been the late Mr. Brennan; and Mr. Brennan shot himself. He was too decent to live. He was the one solitary exception to an otherwise universal rule; and when he realized his loneliness, it broke his heart.

* * *

At present, every man in the State Legislature, from Oilmargarine Crasper to little Dirty-Streets Ray Hamilton, looks upon the measures brought up for consideration as merely so much merchandise. If the bill introduced by this or that member has any money in it for the others, it is at once put upon the legislative market. If it has none, it is promptly crowded out. If the Honorable Member from Cattawankus thinks that a certain indecent apology for a street-cleaning bill is good stock for him, he invests in it at once. It is nothing to him that the bill is merely a scheme to aid a ring of rascally officials in neglecting their duty, drawing their pay and making their incidental perquisites. It is nothing to him that to pass this bad bill another good bill must be killed. It is nothing to him that he puts upon his own shoulders the responsibility for a vast, unnecessary amount of death and disease in an over-crowded city. The bill is a good thing for the Member from Cattawankus, and the Member from Cattawankus goes into it and gets his share, directly or indirectly, of the spoils. And in return, when the Member from Cattawankus introduces his bill against Oilmargarine, all the metropolitan members for whose street-

cleaning bill the Member from Cattawankus voted give him their support—not because they know that it is an honest bill; but because they know that they will have a share in the benefits accruing to the Member from Cattawankus from the protection of his butter-and-cheese-factory. If the Member from Cattawankus were one of a majority of Oilmargarine manufacturers, they would vote for his dishonest bill to prevent the sale of butter, just as readily.

*

It is now two years since the *Art Amateur* called upon General di Cesnola, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to answer the grave charges preferred against him by Mr. G. L. Feuardent. At last it begins to look as if General di Cesnola would have to do so. We will frankly confess that we view the result of a possible investigation—a fair investigation—with a certain sympathetic dread. It will be a terrible blow to artistic New York to know that all this time it has literally been worshiping false gods—that its Cypriote Aphrodite is no Aphrodite; its Pluto no Pluto; its little demigods and heroes mere pot-pourris, as it were, of heterogeneous fragments of unidentified stone. If this should prove to be the case, there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in our own "free though vulgar" city. We were getting up the gentlest little South Kensington of our own—a nice little world of high culture and "helpful" art; and if Mr. Feuardent knocks this dream of distinction into the dead past, we shall be in the sad condition of the people of Boston, Mass., who, having all his life worshiped the late W. M. Hunt as the greatest artist of the nineteenth century, are now, since his death called the attention of the world at large to the fact of his having existed, slowly learning from outside sources that Mr. W. M. Hunt knew pretty nearly everything under the sun, except how to paint pictures.

*

Our readers, after having studied our remarks upon Mr. William Fearing Gill, must have been rather astonished last week to see that the enterprise which that gentleman originally undertook was brought to a successful issue by a large number of eminently respectable people. Their astonishment must have vanished, however, when they saw that Mr. Gill's name was not among the eminently respectable people. In response to our article, Mr. G. E. Montgomery, of the *Times*, the principal manager of last Saturday's entertainment, has written us a frank and straightforward letter. He says that Mr. Gill "started the festival, heaven knows how!—but he started it. He incurred all sorts of expenses, and used many names, (my own among the others) without authorization. He deceived the ladies, and finally got everything into a fine snarl and tangle." At this juncture, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. A. S. Sullivan and Mr. W. Winter stepped in and generously helped the misled ladies to make the Poe Festival a success. We refer to this matter now only to do justice to these gentlemen and because we hear that Mr. Gill intends to continue his Poe drumming tour through the South.

*

Decidedly the best appointment which President Garfield has made is that of Mr. James as Postmaster-General. Mr. James understands a great deal about the working of the Post Office department, and seems inclined to understand more about it still, if all we hear of his determination to expose the Star route swindles be true. It says very little for our system of government that frauds such as these should have gone on for so long a time. They are no new discovery. That the country was being robbed right and left was well known to Mr. Hayes; and yet he permitted the late second Assistant-Postmaster-General to remain in of-

fice, though for several years he has had the opportunity of preventing this knavery. This is rather a mild way of putting it, for there are those who do not hesitate to say that Mr. Brady was deeply interested in the business himself, and there can be little doubt that they are right.

*

Why must the public be constantly sickened with infamous developments of this kind? Is there a department in the government free from fraud? We know there have been Navy Rings, Army Rings, Whiskey Rings and Indian Rings; and now we have proof that there was or is a Post Office Ring. We believe that President Garfield—although his record is not so clean as it might be—will not, if he can help it, permit his administration to be disgraced by any such swindles; and Postmaster-General James is the man to second his efforts. It is amusing to note how very much human nature there is about Mr. Brady. He has, of course, never done anything wrong. It is true that there are such things as Star routes; but anything he may have had to do with them was always in the highest interests of morality, equity and justice. The men who have accused him are, he says, "disgraced contractors and would-be blackmailers." "Press brigands" did their best to corrupt him. He declined to listen to their proposals, and they then turn round and charge him with fraud. Poor Mr. Brady, it is positively too bad that you should have been so scurvy treated by being obliged to resign. Much better to have arrested and tried you, and thus have given you an opportunity of proving your innocence, triumphing over your enemies and coming out of the ordeal unscathed; and just imagine how easily all this could have been done. We almost begin to think that honesty really does not pay expenses.

*

The telegraphic news that reaches us from Russia shows that royalty there is having a pretty hard time of it. The new Czar fears to show his face in public, and keeps himself shut up in an iron-clad castle, in which are secret subterranean passages that he may get out of the way on the slightest indication of the proximity of glass bombers or artists in dynamite. Perhaps the brand new Mr. Alexander, of Russia, enjoys this kind of life—if he does, his tastes are at least peculiar. But, after all, it is not everyone who can be a Czar, and almost anyone can be a Nihilist. One thing is very clear: that some of the best educated classes in Russia have shown most distinctly that a Czar is a useless piece of furniture, and that they don't want him at any price; but we think that a good many Czars are likely to come and go before one will become alive to the fact that he is not wanted. Some of the other crowned heads of Europe must, in sympathy with the late and present Czar, feel extremely uncomfortable. Not one knows when his particular turn may come to be distributed to the winds with the aid of dynamite.

*

Mrs. Victoria is specially nervous, and so is her eldest son, Mr. Albert Edward of Wales. The time has gone for anybody to govern a free people by mere prescriptive right, and these crowned and hope-to-be crowned heads ought to have brains enough to perceive this. Some of them have the requisite brains, and yet they fatuously hang on to their cheap thrones, where they can do no good to themselves or anybody else. The Emperors and Kings of Austria, Germany, Italy, Spain, etc., are no better off than the miserable Czar. They, too, are in danger of being kicked out of their respective countries at a moment's notice. As a choice between this method of getting rid of them and dynamite, we much prefer the kick-out, and hope soon to hear of its general adoption as a royalty eradicator.

A TOUR OF INSPECTION.

THE London and Northwestern Railway of England has sent over here its Superintendent, the Dook of Sutherland, the Marquis of Stafford and two or three other gentlemen, to examine into the working of American institutions, especially railways.

A PUCK reporter, who is heir to a dukedom himself and who has been accustomed to associate with nobility from early boyhood and is also a railroad engineer, was immediately despatched to the party's headquarters with instructions to place his valuable services at the disposal of the Dook and his friends.

"I am Scotch by birth," said the Dook: "but I 'ope you'll excuse my cockney accent."

"Don't mention it, my Lord Duke, I'm used to it; we never notice a little thing like that in this country."

"I am particularly hanxious," continued the Dook: "to see the hins and the houts of your railway lines. I am also going to look at your fire hengines. I am told that the 'orses attached to 'em gallop hawfully 'ard when a conflagration breaks hout."

"Yes, sir, the animals referred to are rather rapid in their movements."

"And they say that your railway kerridges are never so much nicer than hours."

"Your Grace has been correctly informed," said the PUCK man.

"I want to see the 'ole thing, ye know. I don't do nothink by 'alves. That hain't my way; is it, Statty?" and the Dook turned to the Marquis of Stafford, his eldest son, who stood by his side attired in yellow knickerbockers, green stockings, a blue and red checked coat and veskit, a scarf-pin with a horse-shoe on it, life-size, a 'elmet 'at and an eye-glass stuck in his eye.

"Oh! yes," said the Marquis: "I'm goin' to 'elp my pa hinspect heverythink."

The first line visited was the Third Avenue Horse Railroad. The PUCK man conducted the Dook and party to Chatham Street—in order that they might see the lowest grade of road first, to be prepared for the better appointed ones.

The PUCK man paid the fares for the members of the party, and asked the Dook what he thought of an American railroad.

"Why," answered his Grace: "this hain't a railway, this is a blooming tramcar. What I want to see is a hengine with a hengine-driver and a stoker—and a train with a guard, and first, second and third class kerridges. Besides, they're crowding this car in a beastly manner. I hain't a goin' to 'ang on by a strap any longer. I shall get hout."

The Dook and party got out and together with the PUCK man boarded a train on the Third Avenue Elevated road.

"This is better," said the Dook: "but it hain't equal to the hunderground railway in London. I like to travel first-class, and this is all third. I 'ate to 'ave a 'orrible working man with dirty 'ands a-sittin' next to me."

The Sixth Avenue Elevated road gave a little more satisfaction, and at last a trip was arranged on a regular surface road train from the Grand Central Dépot to Albany.

"How does your Grace like this?" inquired the PUCK, heir to a dukedom, as the train dashed by Garrison's.

"I like the up'olstery of this saloon kerridge well enough, but I don't feel the least bit at 'ome."

"Why not?"
"Well, ye see, ye know we ain't locked in, and then I can get a glass of water when I wants it—ain't accustomed to that sort of thing, ye know. And then I'm told I can 'ave my luggage hout of the luggage van by givin' up these 'ere brasses. Don't like it at all—takes away all the excite-

ment of travelin' and looking for your 'atbox and portmanteau. And I can book just when I please, and use the ticket this year, now or never. Oh, no! Hamerican railroads 'ain't nothink to be compared to the Henglish ones." And the Dook and party immediately resolved to take their passages for Europe by Saturday's steamer.

THE WESTERN RESERVE.

"TWAS at the nation's capital
Frou-Frou with Sara died,
The theatre was thronged, and all
But standing-room denied.

A man before the office stood
With dusty clothes and shoon,
Then mocked the ticket-fiend full rude:
"Old man, thou comest soon!"

The dusty one his wrath forbore,
"My friend, I wish a place—
I'm from Ohio—" "Say no more!"
Grave grew that fiendish face.

"Here, usher, quickly take this chair,
Set it the stage anigh, oh!
The best of places give him there,
Dear man, he's from Ohio."

AFTERMATH.
Of all soft things in public life
The Buckeye scoops the pan;
Wage not, O sage, a useless strife
'Gainst an Ohio man.

PRIME WARD.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

STYLES OF TYLES.

Alas for the high hat of silk!
Alack for the dicer that's black!
You soon must wear hat white as milk,
Or own that its cash price you lack.
No more can you wear silken hat,
If you would be quite *comme il faut*;
Your dicer must be straw—that's flat—
To show where the breezes do blow.

MAY.

Maybe May may, maybe May mayn't
Make many maidens malarial:
May-hap maleficient May-day
Many males may make matrimonial.

A. L.

"NOW."

Now sing the merry thrushes,
Now nature gaily blushes,
The brooklet wildly rushes,
The Ed. the poet crushes,
The lover freely gushes,
Now naught the shad fiend hushes,
The tramp o'er the beer-keg lishes
And fly the scrubbing brushes.

R. K. M.

'TWAS ONLY A DREAM.

I took her hand, I drew her near,
I pressed her to my heart,
I told her ten o'clock was here,
My love and I must part.

Her rosy lips, O god of loves!
(Whereon doth heaven dwell)
Turned up, as I bent from above,
To kiss a short farewell.

But ere our lips could sweetly click
Her dad—I'll say no more,
Save that I felt a horrid kick,
And woke up on the floor!

I. N. HAMMER.

Puckeyings.

JONES CALLS his poetry Virtue, because it is its own reward.

NO DEFAMER has yet said that Syracuse is salt together too fresh.

"CHUCK STEAK," as Gilkerson said the other day when he threw a piece of meat to the cat.

ISN'T THERE a beach or so more on Long Island than the cause of popular morality strictly demands?

SUMMER'S HERE—you can just bet summer's sear and so is everybody else and that's what makes beer disappear.

A DOLLAR a quart for strawberries does not seem extravagant when we think that the plumber too has to pay it.

THERE IS an Indian maiden whose name is Rose at a Wyoming Territory agency and her white lover calls her his pretty red Rose.

IT WOULD be very awkward just now if the Indians were to make an attack on the frontier. Pretty nearly all the U. S. Army is here in New York, attending the Whittaker trial.

THERE IS an old saying which tells that "In Union there is Strength;" this term applies to oilmargarine, it is composed of so many things.

"KNOW her?"

"Oh, yes."

"Is she a New Yorker?"

"Well, yes—not a native. She's a New Yorker by vaccination."

MATERFAMILIAS:—"Johnny, do you know it's Sunday? What have you been up to?"

"Central Park."

"Have you read your Bible to-day?"

"No, mother. I'm waiting for the new edition."

THE Third Avenue Railroad announces that its cars will "stop for all gentlemen who will raise their hand above their heads." A gentleman with but one hand to raise over a plurality of heads ought to attract the attention of any conductor.

NOW THAT the bathing season will soon be here, many men are wondering why bathing suits are called tights that are about a mile too big for them, but they give it up with the vague idea that they may be so called to allow drunken persons to roll around in.

THE Duke of Sutherland, with a party of prominent English railroad men, last week arrived in New York to look at railroading in America. He will probably be indicted for polygamy by some of the many Duchesses of Sutherland now in the United States.

A MAN who started for Philadelphia the other day had not been five seconds on his journey when he arrived at China—he reached the head of the stairs and tripped over a cord which precipitated him on top of a tray of dishes which a servant was carrying up-stairs.

MINISTER CAIROLI called upon King Humbert the other night, and politely inquired:

"Sire andatevi alla festa del ballo stassera?"

"Stassera, no!"

"Allora qualch' altra sera?"

"Buona sera!"

And he lit out. (*Anche s'illuminarsi di fuori.*)

HON. EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

HE HAS A SURPRISE PARTY.—HE IS NOT ONLY SURPRISED, BUT ASTONISHED.—
HE WANTS NO MORE.

THE day last week Mrs. M. suggested that I get my dinner at a restaurant, and not hurry about coming home till 9 o'clock.

"Why so?" I asked.

"Because," says she, "we shall be extraordinarily busy to-day, and there won't be any dinner for you if you come home."

"But it's my birthday," I suggested, "and I don't like eating my dinner at a restaurant on my birthday."

"Well, never mind this time—you'll have another in a year, if you live, and if you don't it won't make any difference—"

"O won't it?" said I—

"Not the slightest," said she.

"So I am to dine at a restaurant to-night?"

"Yes," said she, "and be sure you don't forget it. Don't you come home before 9 o'clock!"

"All right!" said I, and off I started. Thinks I, this is very queer. I wonder what it all means. There must be something up. She never asked me to get my dinner at a restaurant before. My birthday, too. Fifty years old. Half a hundred. Awful old. Ought to celebrate my semi-centennial instead of getting a cold snack at a restaurant. This is rough. Perhaps there is a rival in the case. Ah! ha! I've half a mind to go back at once and see! Pshaw! Impossible at our time of life! Well, I'll have a good dinner anyway, if I do have to eat it alone. Cold snacks? No, indeed. Not this evening, at any rate, as we say in the classics.

With these somewhat sombre thoughts floating about in the gossamer fabric of my imagination, I wended my way to the office, and soon the business cares of the day so occupied my mind as to expel everything else; and when, at the close of the day, I locked my desk, and started out, I entirely forgot about dinner at the restaurant, and went home as usual. Absent-mindedness seems to run in the family.

I did not remember that I was to have dined at a restaurant till I reached home; and then, as it was too late to return, I concluded to let myself quietly in with the latch key, and await developments. As good luck would have it, there was no one in the way, and I crept quietly up to the "eyrie" at the top of the house, and threw myself down on an old lounge there, and fell asleep.

How long I slept, I didn't know, but it was pitch dark when I awoke. It must have been near midnight I think. There was a feather pillow on the lounge, that had seen its best days, and the many rips and tears in it permitted free egress to the feathers. My hair was full of them. A good sprinkling of them also around my clothes. I groped my way out into the hall and looked down over the banisters.

The house seemed all ablaze with light. At first I thought there was a fire; then I wondered where I was, and how I got there. Then I began to feel hungry, and started down stairs. The noise below seemed to me like the "sound of revelry by night," and, as I got further down stairs I began to take in the situation.

Before I knew where I was, I found myself right among a crowd of excited and delighted friends, all shaking my hands and congratulating me on living to attain to such a healthy old age. Then they began to laugh, as they caught a glimpse of the feathers; and then Mrs. M. hove in sight.

"Why, Ephraim!" said she, "where on earth have you been?"

"Well," said I, yawning and trying to smile at the same time, "I've been up stairs."

"I thought you were at the restaurant," said she. "Do you know what time it is?"

"No," said I, "but I'm awful hungry—for got all about the restaurant. What's all this rumpus about here, anyway?"

"This is a *surprise* party—a few friends have come to celebrate your birthday; and now you go right up stairs and get the feathers out of your hair and brush up a little and come down, and we will have supper. I didn't know what had become of you. Thought maybe you had gone off on a spree."

Me on a spree! Me! a member of the Moderation Society. No, indeed!

So I went up-stairs, slicked up a little, and then came back, and professed to be very much surprised, although, in reality, I thought it a confounded bore.

Nevertheless, after I had supper I felt better. Then all my friends loaded me with presents; and Mrs. M. made me a present of a horse and carriage, a new parlor suite, a new carpet, and a silk dress. The silk dress was not for me to wear; but, of course, I could accept it as a present—as a token of her wisely esteem—and then, as it would be of no use to me, I could let her have it.

There was also a present of a gold necklace, a pair of diamond ear-rings, a hand-organ, and a gold watch and chain.

As I already had a gold watch, and she had none—and as it was a ladies' watch—I could, of course, let Mrs. M. have it—it would be all in the family, you see.

After all, I thought, surprise parties are not so bad, considering all the presents one gets.

In a few minutes Mrs. M. came around and wanted twenty dollars to pay the musicians.

"Do I have to pay for the music?" I asked.

"Why, you dear old doothy," said she, "of course you do. It is always courtesy for the host to pay for the music at surprise parties.

"O, of course," said I, "of course;" and so I paid for the music.

The next morning, on my arrival at my office, I found bills for ice-cream, confectionery, cakes, sardines, salad, coffee, sugar, sandwiches, beer, floating islands, gin, jams, cigars, jellies, and all the etcetera-e that went to make up the supper I had enjoyed so much the night before. I began to be surprised in reality.

Following this came the bills for the carpets, furniture, horse and carriage, diamonds, jewelry, dresses, hoop-skirts, kid boots, and all the other presents Mrs. M. and my friends had so kindly bestowed upon me.

Then I was surprised—I was *wild*. I gathered all the bills together towards the close of the day, and started for home.

"What does all this mean?" I asked Mrs. M. as I spread out the bills before her.

"Why, you dear old doothy," said she, "people always pay the bills when they have surprise parties."

"Well, I am astonished!"

"Of course you are—I knew you would be. That's what surprise parties are for—to surprise folks, you know."

"When the bills come in."

"Why certainly; that's what makes them so charming."

"Is that so? Then I suppose I must pay all these bills."

"Of course you must, you dear old doothy."

"O, I'm an old doothy, am I?"

"To be sure you are—"

"Well, I'm blowed if I don't begin to think I am, myself."

I paid the bills, and then I surprised Mrs. M. I made her a present of a revolver and kindly requested her, if ever the insane idea of giving me a surprise party again entered her head, to shoot me first, and all of my relatives afterwards.

Yours biliously,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CLXXI.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN RAILWAYS.



Ya-as, aw, I was awfully glad, 'pon my soul, to welcome, the othah day, several old fiends of mine to the States. Deuced wefweshing to come acwoss felaws he-ah fwom the othah side that you haven't seen faw a long perwiad.

Sutherland — the Duke, ye know — and his son Stafford are now in Amerwica. They lost no time in looking me up. They have come to twavel about the countwy, and, togethah with severwal London and North-Western Railways, I believe, intend also to study the peculiarwities of Amerwican railwoids.

I should not be at all surpwised if they discovered severwal things in these arwangements that might be extwemely useful if intwoduced into Gweat Bwitain—although aw Sutherland told me confidentially that the few Amerwican twains he had seen did not impewss him verwy much.

But perhaps he may alter his opinion.

Faw my own part, I wathah like the Amerwican railway carwighes, because one can woam about at one's pleasure thrwough the twain. Cahn't do that, ye know, on an English twain.

It is comfortable enough to woll about in a first-class carwigh with cushions all wound, but it is wathah disagweable to know that you are locked in, and are weally a pwisonah until a railwy official bwings a widiculous key and lets you out.

Now, in an Amerwican twain there is a perfect sense of fwedom, especially in the decorated and scwumptious palace-carwigh, which generwally has ewolving chairs and othah jolly arwangements and othah convenient parwaphernalia about it. There is a negwo attendant and a uniformed fellow with a blue coat and aw bwass buttons to see that everwybody is all wight.

All this is verwy desirwable while the twain is wunning, and perwhaps may have had the effect of making me look upon the Amerwican carwigh as superwiah to our passenger wolling stock—but our railwy and ordinary wefweshment stations are verwy far above anything of the kind he-ah.

With a few twifling exceptions all the stations are wretched miserwable sheds, looking as if they were ready to tumble down—and then the pwog at them all is positively horwible. Don't wemembah evah having had anything decent to eat or dwink while railwy twaveling in Amerwica.

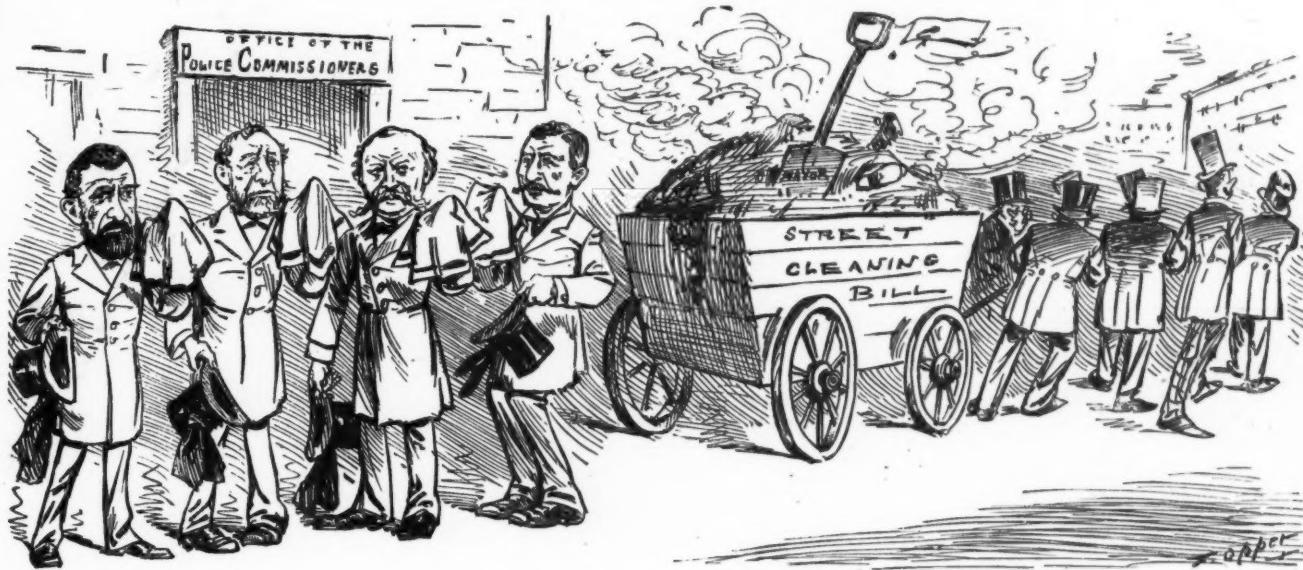
The majorwity of passengers partake of unattwactive, bwown, stale pastwy, which is called pie. Othahs seem to be verwy fond of p-p-pork and beans—a pwimitive dish peculi-ah to the countwy.

There are no portahs to carwy anything, nor anybody to dirvect you where to go, or what to do.

You can, howevah, have a bwass plate with a leathah stwp put on your portmanteau and your aw luggage, when you go in a twain, and by holding a corwesponding bwass plate you can pwocure your twaps wherewah you please without the least twouble.

Wouldn't be a bad ide-ah to adopt the system in Gweat Bwitain. I think I shall endeavah to urge the desirwability of its being bwought into use on Sutherland aw.

A MOVING SCENE.



THEIR OCCUPATION GONE.

MY JOURNALISTIC CAREER.

SOME years have elapsed since I first commenced to tackle journalism. In all the course of a somewhat checkered career I shall never forget that some years have elapsed since I first commenced to tackle journalism,

My primary experience was in a large newspaper office. I do not wish to dwell upon such painful reminiscences, and it will suffice to say that my occupation of sweeping the floor was occasionally varied by the floor being swept by me. If there is any talent whatever among the stipendiaries of a newspaper, the foreman never possesses any of it. He is always ignorant, uneducated and drunk.

I labored with much conscientiousness at my menial duties for some months. Then the foreman (between him and me there is an undying hatred), told me in his brutal way that the composing room could do without my assistance. As he enforced his remarks by taking the trouble to see that I got down three flights of stairs safely, I firmly resolved never to offer him my services again. The city editor, beneath whose mean and sordid nature was a current of common sense, at once engaged me to assist him.

In this position I shortly mastered the details of the profession. It takes no brains to do a local editor's work and I was fully able to run the whole newspaper.

One of our reporters, a Mr. Harris, had been negotiating for a position on a New York paper. Everything was fixed but the salary, he demanding one at which the firm demurred. One morning a postal addressed to him was shoved into my hands by the postman. It read:

"NEW YORK, 13/4, 18—

"DEAR SIR.—Your terms as specified are agreed to. Please telegraph if you can arrive on the 15th.

J. B. SMITH,
of the *Regulator*."

Here was the chance for which I had longed. Breathless with anxiety, I telegraphed back:

"Will report for work to-morrow A. M."

J. B. HARRIS.

I resolved to take the position and render myself indispensable before the mistake should be discovered.

I confess my heart sunk a little as I arrived at the stately edifice of the *Regulator*. But I boldly presented my postal-card as a credential, and was even amused at the look of surprise which flitted across the "chief's" face.

"I had not imagined you to be so young, Mr. Harris," he said pleasantly; "but your past work shows you to be thoroughly responsible. This is the exchange editor's desk," he continued, walking into another apartment, "and the file is ready. We go to press at three-thirty."

Then he left me and I looked through the big pile of newspapers. I picked up the *Bungtown Terrier* and became absorbed in "Mr. Joshua Whitcombe's Frightful Fall from a Hay Loft." There were three columns of it, and I threw myself into the details with a fervor which should have delighted the proprietor. Page after page I worked off until the boy came round for copy.

To my surprise the day was already gone and I sauntered forth well satisfied with my work. I passed the night in a humble manner (the weather was lovely) and went to the office bright and early.

But I do not wish to linger on what followed. I was treated with scorn and contumely. I was maltreated; grandly, unceremoniously bounced. I was sat upon and personally injured. Talent is not appreciated in New York and editors are shockingly profane. I left the business at once, and no inducements would persuade me to return.

EDWARD WINSLOW.

RIVALS.

JENNY, how many songs you've chased away.
To love, I own, is better far than singing.
A host of rhymes surrendered, dear, to-day,
Or perished in a peal of laughter ringing.

For how am I, by any dreamt-of means,
To write an ode to Progress while you're smiling?
Or tell of orange-groves, or dreamy scenes
Of distant climes, with your sweet voice beguiling?

I've seen the Attic marbles' tinted grace,
And swung in hammocks 'neath a palace rafter,
But can I match a temple with your face,
Or weep for Pan before your mocking laughter?

If Pan is dead, you're very much alive!
And my rapt flights you are forever stopping.
I must be wary if I'd fill my hive;
And woo the Muse when you have gone out shopping!

C. C. STARKWEATHER.

PUCK this week consists of

••• 18 PAGES. •••

This is necessitated by the pressure upon our advertising columns, which obliges us to add a supplement of

••• 2 PAGES. •••

to make up our usual allowance of reading matter.

BRADLAUGH, M. P.

THE Conservative party of England has once more shown its utter unfitness to carry on the government of a civilized and progressive country. It has also shown unmistakably that it has not a man in it who has the slightest capacity for leadership. If it had such a man it certainly would not have permitted him to make such an exhibition of himself as did ex-Chancellor Northcote last week, in proposing that Charles Bradlaugh, the member for Northampton, be not allowed to take the usual oaths before sitting as a legislator in the House of Commons.

Of course, Mr. Bradlaugh must in the end be allowed to take his seat—and the Conservatives know this as well as the Liberals; but that even the traditionally stupid Tories—in spite of all the slaps in the face they have been and are constantly receiving—should once more run their heads against reason and common sense, is indeed a matter of surprise.

We do not propose to go into the philosophy of oath-taking. That the solemnity of an oath is binding on some people there can be little doubt. But that a large majority of high-minded and cultured people look upon it as nothing more than a mere matter of form is also unquestionable. As our E. C., the *Commercial Advertiser* very pertinently remarks: "How many men in the House of Commons believe in or are awed by the very oath which Charles Bradlaugh admits, to a certain extent, as binding on his conscience? A man of honor needs no oath."

The London *Truth* also says that there is no more reason why an elected candidate for Parliament should take an oath before taking his seat than before taking his breakfast. The whole system is the remains of ancient and mediæval ignorance, bigotry and superstition, which a civilized nation like England can well afford to let die.

We laugh at the Chinaman who blows out a candle or cuts off a rooster's head when he wishes to tell the truth in a court of justice. In what respect, we should like to know, does the British or American regulation oath differ from this nonsense?

A MAN dropped dead while drinking a glass of whiskey. He went to death with a smile on his lips.

THE PROPOSED TRANS-SAHARAN RAILWAY.



A DREAM OF ITS POSSIBILITIES.

HIS WIFE'S CHROMO.

AMONG the latest victims of the decorative art epidemic is Mrs. Olivet. The disease, in her case, has assumed such a violent form, that when she paints an object on a dinner-plate, her husband is obliged to toss up a cent to decide whether it is a stork standing on one foot or a light-house standing in the ocean.

Mrs. Olivet exhibited the first symptoms of the aesthetic craze one day last week, when she came home accompanied by a pound of tea and a chromo.

"Isn't it lovely?" she asked, holding it out for Mr. Olivet to admire.

"I think, my dear," replied her husband, in a chilling tone, "that the *chiar' oscuro* is defective."

"The *what?*" she demanded, with some asperity. "Are you blind? That's not a sharry-oskero; it's an old windmill—and it is *so* natural!"

"The picture is devoid of realism," continued Mr. Olivet.

"Perhaps it is—but here's a cow, and that is more picturesque in a work of art than a realism. The cow looks real, too."

"And the subject doesn't show careful handling," continued the husband, who had no "gush" in his nature.

"It doesn't show careful handling?" echoed Mrs. Olivet. "Why, it has been handled so carefully that there isn't a scratch on it."

"I mean it is lacking in details," explained Mr. Olivet.

"In the tails?" sneered Mrs. O. "Why, the cow has one tail, and how many more do you want her to have? But isn't that old tree in the four ground—'four ground' is what the

man at the store called it, but I see only one ground—isn't that old blasted giant of the forest too sweet?"

"The blasted old giant," replied the critic, unnecessarily emphasizing "blasted," "is carelessly manipulated. The work, as a whole, lacks breadth."

"Lacks breadth?" exclaimed Mrs. Olivet, mentally taking the dimensions of the chromo. "Why, it is about eighteen inches wide, and that is breadth enough, when it is framed, to fill the space between the parlor windows."

"But the technique," Mr. Olivet again objected, "is not good."

"The take which? What d'you call the take neck? *That?*"—indicating an object on the "canvass." "That," she explained, "is not a take neck. It is an old woman taking home a bundle of fagots."

"But it has no perspective," persisted Mr. O. "Well, I know it hasn't," admitted Mrs. Olivet. "The artist didn't have room to put a perspective in without crowding out the windmill or the cow or the old woman, and I'd rather have them in a work of art than a dozen per—what do you call 'em?—spectives."

"The clouds," continued the fault-finding husband, "are too heavily massed; the treatment is flippant and incoherent; the subtleties of feeling are not manifest; the accessories"—

"Oh," interrupted Mrs. Olivet, "I don't care for such things in a picture. The colors are awful sweet—the red on the cow is just the shade of the ribbon on my new spring bonnet—and you may call it as many hard names as you like, but you can't truthfully say that it is not a prettier picture than the faded 'old master' that was sold for three thousand dollars down at the art store last week."

And he couldn't.

B. DADD.

EASTERLY.

TWO peasants came out of a Russian town Westward ho, as the sun went down, Ploughing the snow with their sturdy legs, Bearing a basket of Easter eggs.

Through St. Petersburg's sentry gate Up to the palace went they straight, And sold the eggs to the scullion grim, And turned them back to the roadways dim.

Fair were those eggs in the silver dish, Polished and bright as a king could wish, Cooked to his fancy very "ra'r" For the morning meal of the Russian Czar.

Quaint the designs on each pearly shell— Seraphs and birds in flowery dell, Maidens and youths, and one, more rare, Had a golden crown a-flying in air.

But the Czar was hungry, as Czars will be, And he had no time for such filagree, For his appetite summoned the eggs eftsoons, And he tapped a shell with his golden spoon.

Oh, well had it been for the Czar if he Had sent those eggs to his enemy, And woe to the Czar that he didn't compel His valet to carefully test each shell.

Or it might have settled an ancient debt If his cook had built him an omelet; For each shapely egg, shell, yolk and white Was nitro-glycerine-dynamite!

* * * * *
'Twas thus these simple and harmless folk Decided to shatter the Russian yoke, And set enough eggs in that fateful batch That the bird of freedom would surely hatch.

And far that night in the towns around Was known the doom of that dreadful sound, And the cry went up to the midnight stars: "Off-owski-vitch—the law's off on Czars." Springfield, Mass.

GRAPH.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Vokes Family, at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, has been succeeded by Mr. Dion Boucicault, who is playing *Conn*, in "The Shaughraun," in his most utter and consummate style.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight are with us once more, this time at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE. Mr. Knight's fit is in as good condition as ever, and being profoundly studied by eminent physicians.

"Hazel Kirke," at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, is in its second year. "Hazel Kirke," by its "damnable iteration," is becoming an egregious nuisance to all newspapers and periodicals that seek to chronicle the events of the day.

"Olivette," still at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, is running a close race with "Billee Taylor" in popularity. John Howson and Catherine Lewis, by their performances in "Olivette," have done much to add to their reputation as clever artists.

"Billee Taylor," at the STANDARD, is going steadily on towards its hundredth performance. It is almost as difficult to say anything about it as if it were about "Hazel Kirke." In the interests of newspaper writers, the Albany Legislature ought to pass a bill prohibiting any piece from running more than fifty consecutive nights.

Within two weeks Miss Mary Anderson's season closes, and there will be an end of paragraphs respecting her. In about the same time Salvini closes, and nothing further will be heard of Miss Marie Prescott. Simultaneously with these closures, Mr. Ernest Harvier will retire from active participation in his descriptive dramatic novelties (in print).

To-morrow afternoon there will be an extra performance at the PARK for the benefit of Mr. James H. Palser, treasurer, and Mr. Maze Edwards. The attractions are great, consisting of Lotta and company, John T. Raymond and company, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight and company, Catherine Lewis, Mr. John Howson and others.

"Musette" was played during the whole of last week, at the PARK THEATRE, by that extraordinary person, Lotta. This week she is giving us "la Cigale," which piece is, as the name implies, exceedingly grasshopperish "la Mascotte," a comic opera which is said to be a formidable rival to "Olivette," is announced for Monday, May 9th.

Yesterday, in the Seventh Regiment Armory, the first performance of the NEW YORK MUSIC FESTIVAL took place. An important event of this kind merits more than a mere passing word, therefore, in the [next number of PUCK], we hope to tell our readers what we think of the manner in which Dr. Damrosch has drilled his chorus and orchestra, numbering three thousand performers and his numerous soloists, and how the whole affair has gone off.

The un-Wallackian, but effective and sensational spectacle now at WALLACK's is drawing houses such as remind one of those at the first production of "The Shaughraun." And we are not surprised at it, for the realism of the scenes depicted is marvelous; and the wonderful floating raft is worth going twenty-five miles to see. The acting is quite on a par with the scenery, and Mr. Elton's *Mo. Jewell*, absurdly exaggerated though it be, is outrageously funny.

Salvini will begin his farewell performances at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC on Monday, May 9th. He will appear as *Othello*, *Macbeth* and *Niger*, in "The Gladiator." As a tribute to the talents of the great artist, Prof. Fanciulli has composed and dedicated to him a cantata entitled "*Othello*," the first production of which will take place in conjunction with the performance of the play, and will be interpreted by an orchestra of seventy-five musicians, composing the Mozart Musical Union of New York, under the direction of Professor Fanciulli.

The de Beauplan Opera Company at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC are affording lyrical amusement to a large number of people. "Les Huguenots," "L'Africaine," "La Juive" and "Faust" have been produced in rapid

succession. The performances are, as a rule, even and agreeable, and pass off, considering the magnitude of the work undertaken, with great smoothness. Tournié is a musician and an agreeable tenor, and the other members of the troupe have much skill and ability. The ballet is not an unimportant feature in this company.

Those people who have been studying French with the aid of Miss Sadie Bernhardt, are no longer able to keep up their amusement—at least, at BOOTH'S THEATRE; for Sadie has packed up her trunk!—and is about taking her departure to the land of frog-eaters and Frenchmen. Sadie will always like America—she likes it now. We have private information on the point which cannot be disputed. She has been admirably managed during her stay here, and all who have had anything to do with her management must be congratulated. Mr. Abbey must be congratulated; Mr. Tillotson must be congratulated; so must PUCK and the public, for liberally seconding their efforts.

A MAY TIME SOLO.

In wood-land vales, where the sun is faint
Blossom windflowers and columbines quaint;
The springs are bubbling fresh and free;
We hear the hum of the pioneer bee;
The birds are abroad in the azure air,
And I take a packing-box for a chair,

And sing

A song of spring.

Soft is the breath of the early night;
Buds are soft, and blossoms are bright,
There's a sound of rivers that rush to the sea,
Alive with a jubilant melody;
Nature is girt with a verdant sash,
And the mirror is knocked to eternal smash,

And I say

This looks like May.



The earth is awake from its wintry sleep;
The snows are thawed on the mountain steep;
The vines are putting their tendrils forth,
Unchilled by the winds of the bitter north;
Spring has burst from the Easter egg,
And our very best bedstead is short a leg;

Oh, dear,

Spring is here.

The boughs of the trees are faintly seen
Through a hazy veil of vernal green;
Sweet is the scent of the up-turned mould;
The lambkins play on the breezy wold;
The heaven with pearly clouds is capped;
And half the piano-strings are snapped.

Oh, curse!

Be May the First!

The following numbers of PUCK will be bought at this office, 21 and 23 Warren Street, at 10 cents per copy:
Nos. 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 14, 16, 25, 26, 39, 41, 42,
53, 54, 56, 64, 108.

Answers for the Anxious.

R. B. P., Princeton, Ill.—Thank you.

HASELTINE.—She is feeling rather more so.

WILLIAM WONT.—We will look after you next week.

H. N. G.—All right, only go slow, and don't run away with yourself.

NEW PUNSTER.—You will never get a chance to grow old if you come before the world with such puns as: "Is it proper to call a faster a notable person?" Oblivion gapes for you, and the wild waves of Lethe are saying: "Young fellow, we want you!"

GOING T. T. BALL.—You say:

"This is the latest idiocy:

"No."

"How no?"

"I will send you up an extra check by the elevator boy."
"Send soon. Good day."

Well, the man who invented it yearns to be laid away to rest.

L. S. D., New York.—You want us to send you our "usual price" for your "idea of a joke," do you? And this is your idea, is it?

MORE INJUSTICE TO "OIRLAND."

"Fifteen cents? Sure, I thought it was ten the price was."

"No! Fifteen for mixed drinks."

"Fifteen for Mick's drinks! Sure, isn't it an American citizen I am, and no more a Mick than yerself at all at all?"

Well, we have no regular price for that style of literature; but if the wages of sin is death, you ought to go on the half-pay list right off.

ALLEGED POET, Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa.—We have had a long time to wait before we achieved this crowning success of our journalistic career—before we knew the completest gratification of our highest ambition; but you have at last accorded us that felicity. You have hit exactly what we wanted. That is what this paper was founded for; that is what we have been working for all these years, that we might in sometime be honored with a contribution from a sophomore in Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa. We are glad that the boys of Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., liked that poem, and we believe you that they would be gratified by seeing it in PUCK. But we don't think they can have that little gratification just at present. When a paper has an honor of that sort thrust upon it, modesty ought to be the order of the day. We should feel that we were ostentatious if we put such a treasure as that which you have confided to our keeping before the eyes of the world. Besides, it would make all our Esteemed Contemporaries jealous and unhappy at not possessing it. Really, all that we feel called upon to in the way of making the world acquainted with our great literary acquisition is to print the first six lines:

UBIQUITOUS SPRING.

Oh, the Spring! the ubiquitous Spring!
Fairest of all that poet sing,
Most magnolious season of all the year
For those who indulge in the cool lager beer.
What labor, indeed, could be more inspiring
Than to seize the quill and give thee an airing.

A JEALOUS PROTEST.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 1st, 1881.

Sweet PUCK, thou tricksey elf,
With wit and humor quick,
We gladly hail thyself,
But not thy monkey trick.

Let Dusenbury sing,
Fitznoodle follies nick,
Let Harvier satire sling,
But spare thy monkey trick.

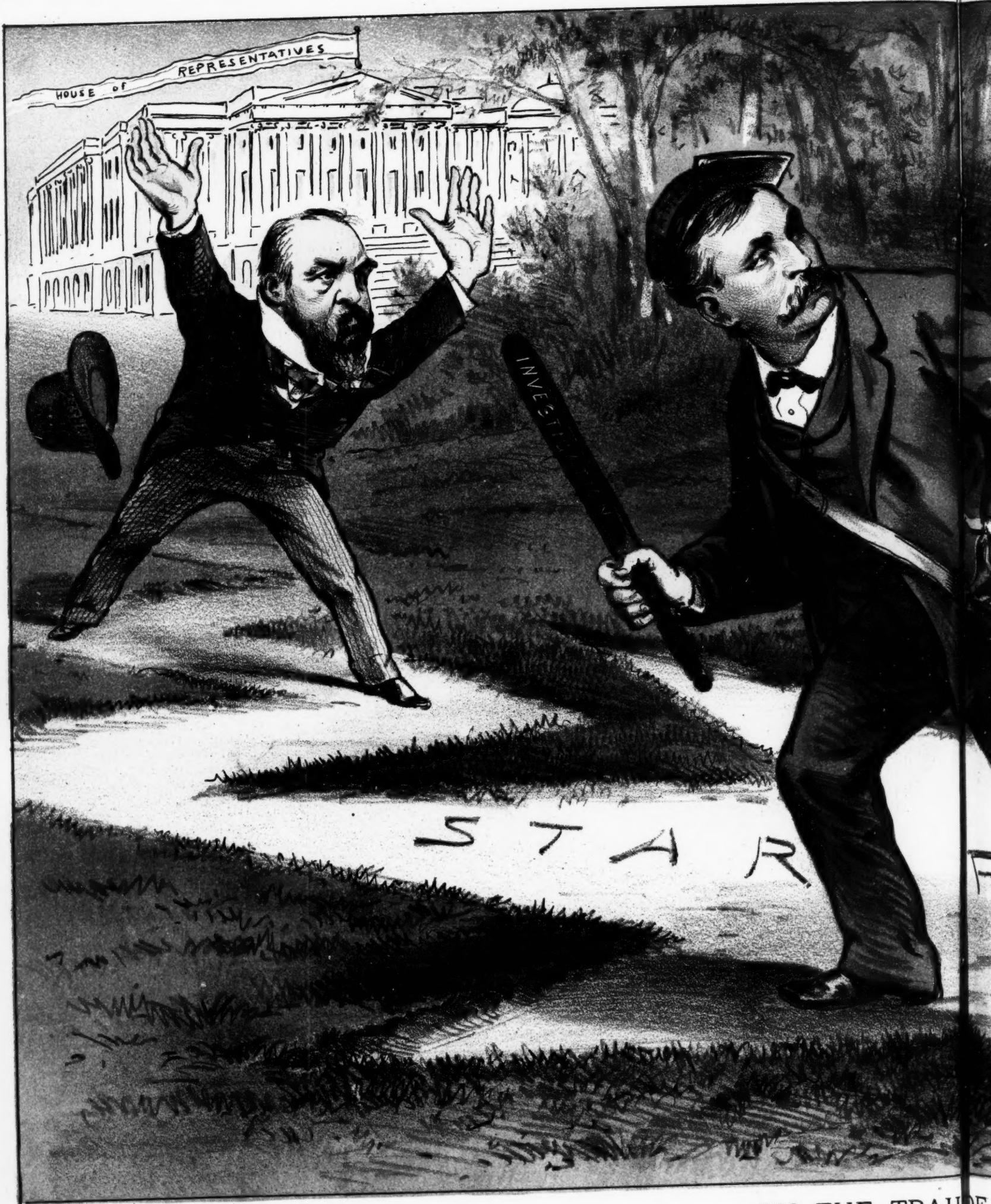
Let all thy splendid Lot
Spread glowing colors thick,
Give up, sweet PUCK, no jot,
But stop that monkey trick.

P.S.—And take me on.

We won't, though.

P. W.

ED. PUCK.



ON THE TRAIL OF
EX-SENATOR DORSEY:—"Hold on! You'll

PUCK.



RAID OF CORRUPTION.
on! You'll implicate bigger men than you expect!"

Our Navy Passing in Review Before Farragut's Statue, April 25th, 1891.



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL PROPHETIC NAVAL CORRESPONDENT AT WASHINGTON.

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ!!!

[By Kind Permission of Mr. H. W. Longfellow.]

STARS of the summer night!
Beaming on earthly shores!
Heed not indifference quite!

She snores!
My lady snores!
Snores!

Moon of the summer night!
Fair moon that proudly soars!
Soar on—and go it bright!

She snores!
My lady snores!
Snores!

Sounds of the summer night!
Tom-cat-ingation's roars!
Give us a small respite!

She snores!
My lady snores!
Snores!

Woes of the summer night!
Mosquitoes swarm in scores!
Plague take the stinging bite!

She snores!
My lady snores!
Snores!

BEGUM.

SHYLOCK vs. ANTONIO.

SHYLOCK
vs.
ANTONIO. } Suit for default on bond.

THIS case was originally tried in Venice and appears in Shakspere's reports. Shylock, money-lender, loaned to one Antonio, a merchant of Venice, 3,000 ducats, on condition that if they were not repaid within a certain time, Antonio should forfeit "one pound of flesh nearest his heart," the same to be taken by plaintiff. Default was made by defendant, who, however, before the judgement against him was recorded, tendered 6,000 ducats, which plaintiff refused.

Held that his tender was too late.

Held that Shylock could lawfully take the pound of flesh.

Held that if, in so doing, he shed, spilled or caused to flow any of Antonio's blood, he was liable; and that he must take neither more nor less than a pound; and

Held that, by exacting the forfeit, plaintiff (an alien) was guilty of conspiracy against the life of a free citizen of Venice, hence that his property should be confiscated, one half to go to the State, the other half to plaintiff.

Judgement to this effect, as recorded. It is now up on appeal.

SHYLOCK,
Plaintiff in error,
vs.
THE COMMONWEALTH OF VENICE,

} Motion for
new trial.
Defendants in error.

The undersigned, as counsel for the heirs and assigns of Shylock, plaintiff in error in the above-entitled action, respectfully represents as good and sufficient reasons for a reversal of judgement:

1st. That his client was not represented by counsel.

2nd. Appellant excepts to the Judge's charge in that he said:

"Upon my power, I may dismiss this court
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day."

We claim that, being himself the authorized magistrate, he had no power to send for anybody. There is no evidence to show who Bellario was, why he should be sent for, or what he had to do with the case. He may have been the Judge's side-partner, or was perhaps a local "boss" in Venice; but the Judge had no right to send for him. As an expert in matters of fact, his evidence would be admissible only on subpoena from either side. Experts in law are never regarded with favor. If Bellario was

Judge of a higher Court, the case would have reached him on appeal. To send for him was clearly irregular.

3rd. The tender of 6,000 ducats was not sufficient, and we were justified in our refusal. The money should have been deposited with the Judge pending hearing.

4th. Shylock's motion was for an attachment against the person of Antonio. The power of the Judge to issue this was not discretionary, but mandatory. Therefore it could be opposed only for irregularity in the bond. Defendant did not claim this. Therefore the order should have issued without parley.

5th. Bellario not arriving, the Judge admitted a man from Rome named Balthasar, and permitted, contrary to all precedent in evidence, a letter of introduction to be read written by Bellario and dated Padua. It is clear from this that Bellario was running the Court. We except to the letter of introduction as inadmissible and to Balthasar as irrelevant. Bellario wrote:

"I am very sick. Balthasar is furnished with my opinion. I leave him to your gracious acceptance."

We submit, from the irregularity of his action, that Bellario knew no more law than a Police Justice. No one asked his opinion, and it was clearly inadmissible when sent by word of mouth through Balthasar. The latter was not identified. Bellario's remark, "I am very sick," was probably a mistake of the stenographer. The context shows that it ought to have been, "I am very fresh."

6th. We except to the introduction of Balthasar. There is nothing to show that he was summoned by either side. It is not claimed that he was a Judge, and he does not seem to have been sworn as a witness. Being a lawyer in Rome, he had obviously no commission to practice in the Venice Courts.

7th. The Judge erred in greeting Balthasar: "Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?" This was entirely undignified, and

in current parlance, is, we submit, equivalent to: "Shake! How's the old man?" or: "Shake! How's his nibs?" Clearly, again, Bellario was running the Court.

8th. We except to Balthasar being examined by the Judge and also to this speech:

" Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth."

9th. We object to Balthasar's question: " Is your name Shylock?" The direct examination was over and this question could not be asked in rebuttal.

10th. We object and except to this evidence:

Bal. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Bal. Then must the Jew be merciful.

11th. We represent that as soon as the Judge perceived that Balthasar had the ear of Bellario, he permitted him, contrary to law and right, to run the Court to the disadvantage of appellant. We offer to show:

a. That Balthasar was an impostor, being in reality Portia.

b. That he (or she) not only was not a "young doctor of Rome," but never was in Rome, being a resident and freeholder of Belmont.

c. That "old" Bellario was either deceived in the person or else a party to, and abettor of, a conspiracy against Shylock.

d. That Portia was at the time the wife of Bassanio and an interested party in the suit, and hence estopped from judging in the matter.

e. That the State could not profit by this fraud. A new trial is therefore mandatory.

12th. We submit that when the Judge saw—as he must have seen—that a woman had begun to argue the question, his only course was to adjourn the Court, and thus save those present, since it is clear that a woman's arguments are subjects for exception, especially where money is concerned.

13th. The Judge, for reasons which the appellant will hereafter show, permitted Balthasar to pronounce this decision of the Court, to which we except:

" If thou cut'st more
Or less than a just pound, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and thy goods are confiscated."

Our grounds of objection are:

That in the cutting, not Shylock, but Antonio, would die. Question of fact.

That if Shylock died they could not confiscate his goods, as they were already, by will, left to the State. Question of record.

That it was his privilege, as a judge-debtor, to take less than a pound if he chose. Question of law.

14th. Shylock having made a motion for a writ of attachment and this not being granted, he was entitled to a mandamus against the Judge, issued either by old Bellario or some magistrate of competent jurisdiction. He was right in refusing a compromise.

15th. We will claim a new trial, *first* a reversal of the judgement; *second*, restitution of the amounts paid over by appellant, together with costs and interest to date; *third*, revocation of his testament, made under duress, giving the moiety of his possessions to Lorenzo, the sweet singer of Venice, and his son-in-law; and *fourth*, an order of inquiry respecting old Bellario, to ascertain what he made by the transaction.

16th and last exception: The failure of the Judge to properly terminate the session, and his remark to Gratiano, one of Antonio's witnesses:

Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

We conceive that on our showing we are entitled to a new trial, and petition for the same.

And your subscriber will ever pray

ERNEST HARVIER.

A STRAW RIDE.

IN the calm of the beautiful moonlight,
When nature arrays her in white,
We forget the stern facts of the moonlight
And revel in fancies of night.
The cloudlets are silvered and fleecy,
Like kisses the balmy dews fall,
And I, though my perch is uneasy,
Am happy within.

Sixteen of us there, cribbed and cabined,
Close packed, like a spare set of spoons,
And if anything singular happened
We'll say that the fault was the moon's.
The best of us only are mortal,
Poor puppets of absolute chance,
Our drive took us straight through the portal
Of summer romance.

Ah me! How the moon on the river
The cares of the cold world effaced,
And you—did you notice the quiver
That ran through the arm round your waist?
Did you know, as the soft light was lessened,
And clouds hid the silvery beams,
How I clung to the tangible present
And dreamed such strange dreams?

Impossible! Well, if we bounded
This life by a possible span,
If we fancied no wild flowers round it,
What a desolate pathway had man!
We pluck them, they crumble to ashes,
Their bitterness only survives,
Yet we live in these transient flashes
The best of our lives.

I knew it was but a concession
To questions of space and of size,
Nor could I detect the expression
That lurked in the depths of your eyes.
But I know that the moonlight had drowned you
In dreams that were pleasant enough,
And I know that my arm was around you
Without a rebuff.

Oh, moonlight, and midnight, and river,
Oh, head full reposed on my breast,
Why could ye not stay so forever,
That I might forever be blest?
For the touch on my arm of your fingers
My own blindly, weakly grope—
To-day but a memory lingers,
And scarcely a hope

And the river will flow on forever
And mirror full many a moon,
And your life and my life will sever,
Who knoweth how far and how soon?
And you, with the very next comer
Will flirt just as gaily—and yet
There's a moon and a stream and a summer
You should not forget.

"PENELOPE."

From the French of Ludovic Halévy.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. CLAUDE ALPHONSE BIGBEE allowed a sufficient time to elapse before he again called upon his cousin to be sure that he should not find her in a condition of lachrymose melancholy. Then he presented himself. Miss Everett looked rather pale, and took but a languid interest in his cheerful conversation about the coming summer, yet, on the whole, he felt encouraged.

One great point had evidently been gained—Annetta was growing accustomed to him. Otherwise she would have resented his presence at such a time.

Still, he did not press his advantage. Third-Lieutenant Barnaby was on an Antarctic Exploring Expedition, and his stay in the Antarctic region might extend over any period, from two years to eternity.

So Mr. Claude Alphonse Bigbee thought, and he was very glad that the idea had struck him when, just as he was going out, he took up the evening paper to show his cousin at what hour the boat left for Newport, and read—to himself, we may observe:

" It is extremely improbable that Gripcarver's Antarctic Exploring Expedition will set out this year. The sloop 'Ice-King,' which has just been rebuilt at Portland with particular regard to the exigencies of Polar travel, has irreparably damaged her stem and most of her forward timbers by coming into collision with a flat-boat in the harbor of Valparaiso. The 'Ice-King' will be condemned and broken-up, and the 'Penelope,' which was ordered to accompany her, will, after undergoing some needful repairs, proceed at once to New York from Sydney, N. S. W."

Mr. Claude Alphonse Bigbee, upon going home that night, walked his room until four o'clock in the morning, and then, throwing himself upon his bed, with all his clothes on, fell into a feverish slumber; and Mrs. Ann Alphonse Bigbee, being apprised of these proceedings by her watchful maid, stole into his room in the early morning and extracted from her son's overcoat pocket the crumpled paper containing the unwelcome paragraph.

She quietly replaced it, sprinkled cologne on Claude Alphonse's head, and went again to her own room, where she sat in meditation until the maid came to announce that it was time to dress for breakfast.

She had a good deal to think of. The situation was growing complicated. It looked very much as if Third-Lieutenant Barnaby could no longer be kept away from New York and Miss Annetta Everett. Two years more might well have weakened that young lady's fidelity sufficiently to incline her to receive her cousin's address at least amiably. Mrs. Eli Bigbee did not believe that Annetta, the cleverest girl who had ever had kindred blood in her veins, would consent to marry the fool of the family, as Claude Alphonse was generally admitted to be. And sooner or later, the Relict thought, his weak passion must wear itself out. But if the Third-Lieutenant came back, poor Claude Alphonse's little love-affair must end with a shock which would undoubtedly plunge him into hopeless and unbusiness-like gloom for months, mayhap years, to come. And yet it would be a delicate matter to ask the High Official to intervene again. He would probably object to taking upon himself the responsibility of sending the officers and crew of the "Penelope" on a prolonged wild-goose-chase after her terrific campaign in a dozen dockyards. Mrs. Bigbee knew little about naval affairs or marine architecture, yet even she knew enough to understand that after a United States Man-of-War has been a year at sea, it is high time that she should be taken home and rebuilt.

Before noon she had communicated with Gooberson, and learned that the "Penelope" was still at Sydney, her repairs, begun before the first of May, not having been completed. It was now the 15th of May.

In the afternoon Mrs. Eli Bigbee received a call from the High Official. He was on his way to his country home.

Mrs. Bigbee promptly invited him to dinner, meaning to approach him afterwards on the subject of the "Penelope;" but in her anxiety she was led to open her heart to him before that stately meal was over.

As she had feared, the High Official shied like a balky horse at the idea of further interference.

" My dear Mrs. Bigbee," he said: " the Navy, you know, is not *my* department; and this is twice within a year that I have—er—actively interested myself in the conduct of naval affairs. Bless me, bless me! It's quite an unusual proceeding—quite!"

" But think of the peculiar circumstances," pleaded Mrs. Bigbee—"the necessity—"

" Well, well," said the High Official: " I do not, I will confess, exactly see the necessity—I don't see it. If you desired to—er—give

this young officer—er—active employment away from home, in order to enable your estimable son to win the hand of this young lady, I should, of course, be most happy to be of service to you; but if this—er—this sort of thing is to go on indefinitely, why, bless my soul, my dear Mrs. Bigbee, you'll have to build a ship for the young man, and let me get him a captain's commission."

"What am I to do?" asked Mrs. Eli Bigbee, as nearly plaintively as it was possible for her to speak.

"Marry them," said the High Official.

"No!" said Mrs. Eli Bigbee.

"Why not?"

"Because—" Claude Alphonse's mother hesitated—"because—because I wish that there should be only one Mrs. Bigbee, and that one Mrs. Bigbee should be Mrs. Eli Bigbee."

"You do not mean," inquired the High Official, with a vast significance in his tone, "to condemn your son to a life of eternal celibacy?"

"No," the Relict answered: "but if he is to marry anybody, I mean that he shall marry a nobody. When I die, nothing will keep the Firm up to its standard. While I live, I mean to be the Firm."

"And Miss Annetta Everett?"

"Miss Annetta Everett will be Mrs. Bigbee if she marries my son. She belongs to my family."

The High Official paused and pondered. Then he coughed a thoughtful preliminary cough, and said:

"And why not, my dear Alphonsina—my dear Mrs. Bigbee, I mean? You perhaps permit the—er—the Firm to occupy the larger part of your attention because your life has no other interest. Is it not possible that some day you may—er—admit a superior attraction?"

Mrs. Bigbee looked pensively at the floor and made no reply.

"Why not," asked the High Official: "why not let these two young people marry? If Mrs. Claude Alphonse Bigbee—pardon me—is a young woman of good sense, she will not interfere with your prerogatives—at least until—until you are ready to abdicate, if I may so express myself—to abdicate. Why not think of such a possibility—with—er—other interests to fill your life?"

Mrs. Eli Bigbee faintly admitted that such a possibility might be worth consideration.

"Why not," the High Official went on: "let me see this young woman? My—er—diplomatic experience has given me some facility in judging of humanity. If I find her—as I trust I shall find her—a woman of the charm of her—er—family—I do not see why a little independence of character should be a bar to her union with the head of the house of Eli Bigbee & Co. There are some men, you know, and not by any means men of weak capacity—bless me, by no means men of weak capacity—who rather like to be ruled, you know."

And the High Official looked straight at Mrs. Eli Bigbee, who looked straight at the épergne in the centre of the table.

"My niece," she said, after a moment: "will be here this evening, and you can have an opportunity of judging of her character."

Miss Everett did appear that evening. An hour after dinner, the High Official, lolling back in the most luxurious arm-chair in his hostess's parlor, saw a tall, slight young lady enter the room, throw off an airy "wrap," displaying a shapely figure, and greet Mrs. Bigbee with an affectionate kiss. The young lady's eyes were dark, her hair was dark, and her skin was a most harmonious mixture of red and white.

The High Official felt that without further investigation he could safely say that a little

independence, a little taste for tyranny, even, could be no serious blemish on the young lady's character.

Mrs. Bigbee afforded him an excellent opportunity of confirming this impression, and it was promptly confirmed. When the mistress of the house left the room on some important mission of domestic government, the High Official engaged the new guest in conversation, and found her quite as charming to talk to as she was to look at.

"A very sensible girl," he said to himself: "well-informed and sensible; and yet not at all dull—not at all dull. Strange that any well-informed woman should be dull, when it is so easy to be otherwise—strange!"

Even when Mrs. Eli Bigbee returned to the room the conversation continued. Mrs. Bigbee, perhaps, noted that her niece's information was principally geographical; but the High Official observed nothing of the sort, or, if he did, drew no conclusions therefrom.

It was ten o'clock when Miss Everett thought she really ought to go. She had expected that her cousin Claude would be there to see her home; but he was not. Mrs. Bigbee was about to send for a footman; but the High Official would not hear of it. He, too, must go. Might he not have the privilege of escorting Miss Everett? With an old man, of course, like himself, she would feel quite safe—and so on. Miss Everett said she would feel quite safe;



and in the hallway assured her aunt, in response to that lady's kind inquiries, that she did not consider the High Official a bore at all; but thought him delightful.

"Yes," said the High Official, when he reached the solitude of his hotel chamber: "that is a very well informed and entertaining young woman. She would make an excellent wife—for—for anybody."

The *Herald* of two days later contained the following paragraph:

"The 'Penelope,' U. S. N., is ordered to Lima on special service. The 'Penelope' is now at Sydney, N. S. W."

(To be continued.)

THERE will be no "college student waiters" in the summer-resort hotels this year. The proprietors of the hotels found that the guests were always nervous for fear the fellows would imagine themselves at college and send in a potato on a rising curve instead of passing it.—*Boston Post*.

It is well known that certain fowls fill their digestive apparatus with gravel and pebbles, which act as millstones in grinding up their food. The Philadelphia *New* thinks human beings should act on this suggestion, and before dining at a western railway restaurant swallow a sausage cutter.

UTE ELOQUENCE.

(SPEECH OF OLD MAN COLOROW AT AN OLD SETTLERS' REUNION IN NORTH PARK, COLORADO.)

The following short oration, delivered by Colorow in the North Park, I send in. Few people actually know the true spirit of Greek and Roman oratory that still lingers about the remnants of this people, now nearly driven from the face of the earth. I have never seen this speech in print, and I give it so that the youth of the nineteenth century may commit it to memory, and declaim it on the regular public school speech day.

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—Warriors, we are but a little band of American citizens, encircled by a horde of pale-faced usurpers.

"Where years ago, in primeval forests, the swift foot of the young Indian followed the deer through shimmering light beneath the broad boughs of the spreading tree, the white-man, in his light summer suit, with his pale-faced squaw, is playing croquet; and we stand idly by and allow it.

"Where erst the hum of the arrow, as it sped to its mark, was heard upon the summer air; and the panting hunter in bosky dell, quenched his parched lips at the bubbling spring, the white man has erected a huge wigwam, and inclosed the spring, and people from the land of the rising sun come to gain their health, and the vigor of their youth. Men come to this place and limp around in the haunts of the red man with crutches, and cork legs, and liver pads.

"Things are not precisely as they formerly were. They have changed. There seems to be a new administration. We are not apparently in the ascendancy to any great extent.

"Above the hallowed graves of our ancestors the buckwheater hoes the cross-eyed potato, and mashes the immortal soul out of the speckled squash-bug. The sacred dust of our forefathers is nourishing the roots of the Siberian crab-apple tree, and the early Scandinavian turnip.

"Our sun is set. Our race is run. We had better select a small hole in the earth into which we may crawl and then draw it in after us, and tuck it carefully about us.

"These mountains are ours. These plains are ours. Ours through all time to come. We need them in our business. The wail of departed spirits is on the winds that blow over this wide free land. The tears of departed heroes of our people fall in the rain-drops, for their land is given away. To-day I look upon the sad wreck of a great people, and I ask you to go with me, and with our united hearts' blood win back the fair domain. Let two or three able-bodied warriors follow me and hold my coat while I mash the white-livered snipe off the lowlands beyond recognition.

"Let us steal in upon the frontier while the regular army has gone to his dinner and get a few Caucasians for breakfast.

"Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire." [Applause.]—"Bill Nye and Boomerang." By Bill Nye.

THE Chicago News Letter, with a frankness which, if unbusiness-like, is at least refreshing, heads its three columns of society news "Social Slush."—San Francisco *Wasp*.

A PITTSBURGH plumber stole \$700 from a house in which he was working the other day. It was a great streak of luck for the house-owner, as the plumber didn't dare to come back for his pay.—*N. O. Times*.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
THE GENUINE
CROWN TOOTH BRUSHES
BEAR THIS STAMP.

FINE SILK HATS, \$3.20; worth \$5.00; DERBIES,
\$1.90; worth \$3.00. 15 New Church Street, up stair.



HIS CONSCIENCE SMOTE HIM.

"What's the fee in this yere office about lendin' me a quarter?" asked an attenuated tramp at the cashier's desk of the Brooklyn *Eagle* office yesterday afternoon.

"There's a strong prejudice against it," returned the cashier.

"Does it go so far as to attach itself to a dime?" inquired the supplicant.

"I think it reaches to that extent," said the cashier.

"You don't appear to recognize me, pardner."

"Well, you don't refer to anything of which I have extended information."

"There's a great deal of money in me, if I'm properly worked. I only need keerful handlin'."

"Money in you, how?" asked the cashier, becoming interested.

"If I was taken where I belong, there'd be great wealth for us both. I'm priceless in the proper quarter."

"Give me your address and I'll send you over," said the cashier.

"Make it twenty-five cents and I'll give you the information. Put up somethin' as a guarantee of good faith and you've got me. Two bits in cash invested in me will make your eyes hang out."

"I'll go a quarter on you," said the cashier, handing over the money. "Who are you? How's anything to be made out of you?"

"Stranger," said the grateful tramp, bursting into tears: "stranger, I won't deceive a kind-hearted man like you. I was going to tell you that I was Sitting Bull, but I ain't; I'm only Alexander T. Stewart's long lost dead body." —*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Hop Bitters strengthens, builds up and cures continually, from the first dose.

German Corn Remover will allow nicer fitting boots. Take no other. Sold by druggists. 25 cents.

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ROYAL PUCK CIGARETTE.

THERE WILL BE NO INTERRUPTION TO OUR
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the sale goes on daily at the old stand, COOPER INSTITUTE. We have given up the corner store and are selling out in the middle stores at cost, besides the

15 PER CENT DISCOUNT

for cash is continued for the present. Having engaged extra trucks and wagons, goods are delivered instantly if desired. Don't miss this

GREAT SALE,

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PROMPT ACTION
is needed when
Cramped. Don't
experiment on your-
selves. You need
relief at once. Get
it, if possible, by
using the GENUINE
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GINGER!
TAKE NO OTHER

STRAITON & STORM'S
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ARE CAUTIONED
NOT TO USE THEM,
as they are MADE OF PURE TOBACCO, and are
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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, GOUT, SORENESS OF THE CHEST, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS AND SPRAINS, FROSTED FEET AND EARS, BURNS AND SCALDS, General Bodily Pains, TOOTH, EAR AND HEADACHE, AND ALL OTHER PAINS AND ACHEs.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 CENTS, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. DIRECTIONS IN ELEVEN LANGUAGES.

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EPPS'S COCOA.
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." —*Civil Service Gazette*. Sold only in soldered tins, half and pound, labelled

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American Watches, \$1. Stem Winders, \$12.
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HEAR what a French paper says: "The Congress of the States United has been possession of taken by Monsieur Mahony, a general officer of belonging to Readjusting in the State Virginia in the Old Dominion. He the members has locked up dead (*morts*), and will permit the General Conqueror not to them remove. The President has for Monsieur Ruddlebeggar dispatched, to Monsieur Mahony force away. Monsieur Mahony speaks he will to the termination acrid out contain. Admiral Benhill is to the capital but the march of one day, with the Confederate entire army." — *Boston Transcript*.

WHAT! Shall the Tall Sycamore from Illinois unchallenged voice the foul slander, sah, that the mother of presidents is a repudiationist, sah? Had he whispered, I should have spared him, but now, blood alone can still the startled air. I am Mahone, czar, of Virginia.— *Mahone, in Derrick*.

BECAUSE married men now come down town with rents in their clothing and collars pinned to their shirts it is no indication that their wives are lazy. It merely shows that the millinery shows are not yet over.— *Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

JUST as the physicians made up their minds that Lord Beaconsfield would recover he indulges in one of those surprises for which he was famous, and died.— *Detroit Free Press*.

Advertising Cheats.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever use anything else.— *Providence Advertiser*.

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There is no one article known that will do so many kinds of work in and about the house and do it so well as

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS.
SAPOLIO

(Each cake is wrapped in Tin Foil, and surrounded with Ultramarine Blue Band, and bears the above devise.) Always note this. A Cake of Sapolio, a Bowl of Water and a Brush, Cloth or Sponge, will make

HOUSE CLEANING an easy and quick job—
WILL CLEAN PAINT and all painted surfaces—
WILL CLEAN MARBLE, Mantles, Tables and Statuary—
WILL CLEAN OIL CLOTHS, Floors, Shelves, &c.—
WILL CLEAN BATH TUBS, Wash Basins, &c.—
WILL CLEAN CROCKERY, Glassware, &c.—
WILL CLEAN KITCHEN UTENSILS, of all kinds—
WILL CLEAN WINDOWS without splashing of water—
WILL POLISH TIN, Brass and Copperwares—
WILL POLISH KNIVES, as you wash them—
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WILL CLEAN all Household Articles—AND IS BETTER AND CHEAPER than Soap,
Emery, Rotten Stone, Etc.

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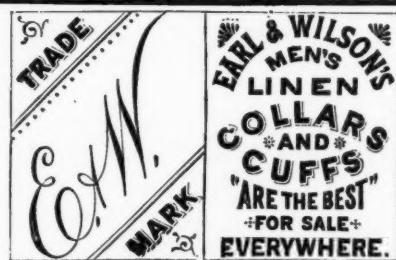
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Have now in stock a large and choice assortment of Artistic fabrics for Furniture and Window Draperies. Madras and Crête Muslins in Oriental designs and Colorings. Superb collection of Novelties for general House Ornamentation. N. B.—Special designs furnished for Interior Decorations, etc., etc.

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Testimonials of Distinguished Ladies:
LOTTA.—For the future I shall use no other.
JANAUSCHEK.—Superior to the one I bring from Paris.
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MRS. D. P. BOWERS.—Free from injurious effects.
PATTI.—Send five dozen of your Liquid Pearl.
CUMMINS.—I consider it without comparison.

For Breakfast!
CHOCOLAT
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CANVASSERS Make from \$25 to \$50 per week selling
goods for E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay Street, New
York. Send for Catalogue and terms.

ENGLISH father, time 1900, to eldest son—
"Now, my boy, tell me what was the form of
government in this country during the last century?"

"A monarchy, father."

"Now tell me who was the last reigning sovereign of England?"

"Queen Victoria."

"What sort of a Queen was she?"

"A good Queen."

"Right. How did she come to lose the throne?"

"Revolution."

"Who was the leader of this revolution?"

"Charles Bradlaugh."

"What position did he hold in the new government?"

"Vice-President."

"Who was the first President?"

"John Bright."

"Very good. Now you can order the balloon and take a ride over to Central Park, but be sure and be back in time for tea."

"Yes, father."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

[Kansas City Mail.]

Member of this Department relieved of Rheumatism by the use of St. Jacob's Oil, says Geo. W. Walling, Esq., Superintendent Police, New York, in one of our exchanges.

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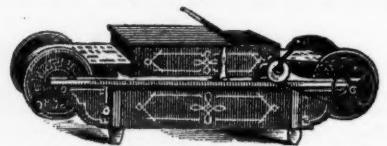
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Manager Marshall has decided to close the Coliseum for two weeks, commencing to-night, on account of the trouble which has taken place there, and which he has in vain endeavored to avoid and prevent. Murderers and assassins seem to make it a point to execute their damnable deeds at his house. He hopes that when the city officials are elected that additional measures will be taken by them to protect his patrons from ruffianism.—*Durango (Col.) Record.*

WE need not go to the South Sea Islands in search of cannibals, for we find an article in a New England contemporary advocating the use of sea-urchins as food.—*Boston Courier.* It requires a good deal of sea-urchin to discover a joke in that.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

THE American people having had spread before them in one brief month portraits of Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot, turn with complacency to the contemplation of the ugly phiz of the rhinoceros on the spring circus poster.—*New Haven Register.*

COUNTRY people pity the denizens of a city who have to use lake or river water, but when an Ohio farmer cleaned out his well last week, he fished out two cats, a paint keg, two old brooms, an old hat, a boot, and a dozen shingles.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A BROOKLYN society has decided that the only way to secure cheap rents is to shoot the landlords. It is now in order for the landlords to resolve that the only way to secure good tenants is to shoot the bad ones.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

WUPPETESSITUKQUSSUNNOOWEHTUNQUOH is one of the words in Eliot's Indian Bible, a book that but one person now living, J. H. Trumbull, of Hartford, Conn., can read. We don't know of anybody else that wants to.—*Boston Post.*

IT is rumored that Barnum is trying to secure Mrs. Langtry, to offset the Forepaugh beauty, and the man who started the rumor had better keep his hair clear of the clutches of Miss Montague.—*Boston Post.*

ARTIFICIAL flowers for the spring trade are made so perfect that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will probably interfere on behalf of the bees.—*Philadelphia News.*

THE Chief Justice of Vermont decides that drunkenness is not cause for a divorce. Some Vermont men will now leave off drinking and take up with some other method.—*Lowell Citizen.*

THE wicked Nihilists have determined that the New Czar shall not live. As soon as green apples come into the market they are going to send him a barrel.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

THE Whittaker court-martial will cost the Government \$100,000. Let's see; Shakspere said something about the "rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."—*Lowell Citizen.*

THE papers have a deal to say about the means of egress from our theatres. Fogg says he is more troubled about the means of entrance.—*Boston Transcript.*

A TRUE philosopher never argues. He mentally concludes that his opponent is an ass, and keeps his mouth shut.—*N. Y. Commercial Adv.*

CLEANLINESS is next to godliness, and a long distance from New York.—*N. O. Picayune.*

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